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OPPRESSED OF THE WORLD FIND THEIR CHAMPION

Gentlemen, the select classes of mankind are no longer the governors of mankind. The fortunes of man are now in the hands of the plain people of the whole world. Satisfy them and you have justified their confidence not only, but have established peace. Fail to satisfy them and no arrangement that you can make will either set up or steady the peace of the world.—(Extract from President Wilson's address to the peace conference on the subject of a league of nations at the second session.)

We are beginning faintly to understand why Woodrow Wilson is acclaimed by the peoples of Europe as "the president of the people of the world."

There is revealed in the majesty of his words a vision beyond the understanding of the average mind.

He is hailed as the prophet of mankind because he translates into language the silent and hitherto inexpressible yearnings of the human heart.

He is trusted by the great mass of toilers the world over because he has interpreted correctly the emotions that have welled for a thousand years in the breasts of those who have feared to strike, but have been content to pray for industrial freedom.

If the language of the president is the sentence of doom for the princes of the Old World it also is the proclamation of freedom for the laboring masses of the New World.

The world is approaching an era that will have a new conception of justice—a justice, let us hope, without retribution, if there can be such a thing, for the injustices of the past.

Henceforth there must be under the law an equality for the rich and the poor. Every citizen must be regarded as an equal stockholder in the government that was ransomed and is held intact by the blood and sinews of men whose prowess on the field of battle could not be influenced by wealth or social standing.

No man hereafter must presume to speak for the people unless he is of the people and chosen by the people.

As the Old World had its aristocracy of family, we were beginning to build up an aristocracy founded upon wealth. The assumption has been that there must be an upper and a lower class of the same people.

The war put an end to that fallacy. Men and women of all degrees did their part, without which there could have been no victory.

Henceforth the nations of the world will determine for themselves how they wish to be governed. It is an individual matter for self-determination. They may govern well or badly, but so long as they do not involve the stability of other nations or the rights of other peoples the responsibility, if they are capable of assuming it, is their own.

In our own country we not only must recognize the rights of all men, but the laborer, the workman, men in all grades of industrial enterprise, must be encouraged to assume their rights and their responsibilities.

The rich must not be penalized and the poor must not be made to suffer. Each man must carry his own burden, but no man must be permitted to shirk and another required to assume a part of the burden of another.

If the words of Woodrow Wilson were required to fire the hearts of people of the Old World, burdened for centuries with the weight of oppression, how much more magical should they be to the people of our own land who cherish freedom above all things? To the people of Europe his prophecy was a promise, but to us it is a fulfillment.

SECURING BONDS

The government has announced another issue of bonds, which patriotic people will be expected to buy, and no doubt they will, for, while they have invested magnificently at every call, they have not yet reached the bottom of their weaselskins, and there is more money left for the government.

Fighting has ceased, but the war is not over by any means. The demand for money is as imperative at this time as it ever was. The next issue is to be called "Victory bonds," and there is an element of magic in the name, just as there was in the name "Liberty bonds." People would be more disposed to invest in these securities if it could be so arranged that they would not be in peril of losing them. The large owner of bonds can rent a safety deposit box, but the small holder cannot afford this. Theoretically bonds can be registered by applying at the bank of purchase. In practice there are many disheartening hitches.

A large number of Liberty bonds have been lost or stolen, and the legitimate owners could no more identify one of them than he could a biscuit or an ear of corn.

Other government bonds are registered in Washington, and losing them is not easy, because possession is not sufficient evidence of ownership, as is the case with war bonds.

It will not be necessary to raise more cotton to knock the bottom out of prices and bring disaster on the South. Planting an increased acreage will do it. If 37,000,000 acres or more are planted this spring the bears will have all the argument they want to put prices down below the cost of production, and, once down, it will take time to put them up again. The best prop to hold up cotton prices is plenty of hog and hominy. Wheat, oats, peas and feedstuffs will grow on cotton land, and these will keep cotton prices stable. With plenty of food the farmer will not be forced to sell his cotton at ruinous prices, and holding it off the market will stabilize prices. The cotton planters have it in their own hands to fix prices. If they do not protect themselves they will have to bear the brunt as well as the blame.

Mr. J. Ogden Armour in his testimony before the senate committee forgot to include a trifle of \$10,000,000 made in South American trade. But why quibble over these trivial matters? You might do the same if you were a packer.

The man who keeps his property in his wife's name to defeat his creditors usually keeps his religion in the same repository.

Even in sunny Tennessee Old King Coal has many dependents and subjects.

One good thing: No speed fiend tries to climb a telegraph pole, but once.

Movie of a Man Arriving Home in the Dark—By Briggs

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DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.
DON'T BE A SNAIL LADY.

It's queer how our standard of values change, even in wifely virtues. In our grandmother's time the highest praise that you could bestow upon a married woman was to say that she was a stay-at-home body.

For a woman never to stir beyond her own doorstep, and to have no interest in the outside world was supposed to indicate her supreme devotion to her family, and that she was a model in the home, everybody cried, and everybody felt the closer prisoner a woman was kept in the home, the better for her and the world.

Nowadays we have come to see that the snail with its house on its back isn't the most elevated object in nature, and that there is no reason why a woman should emulate it. We have also come to see that the woman who is an Alice-sit-by-the-fire, and who knows nothing and sees nothing except the things that happen in her own kitchen, nursery and dooryard, makes a very dull and uninspiring companion, a little of whose society goes a long way.

"Home-staying youths have ever homely wit," says the old proverb, and the same cause and effect have the same results with wives. Nothing narrows an individual down as does living a rut in order to broaden out we must have room in life to expand. The brightest mind grows dull if it is not kept polished by rubbing up against other bright minds. To keep fresh we must have a constant flow of new ideas and thoughts from the outside. The irritability and the bad health from which women suffer, and which they in turn inflict on their helpless families, is due to this old superstition that a woman should stay put in her house and that she is somehow not doing her duty unless she is working out her life sentence within its walls.

It is the women who have no variety in their lives, no fresh interests, no change, who become obsessed with one idea, who lose their perspective and even go insane. There are many tales of these home-keeping women, especially of country women, who sat in their kitchens and rocked in the same place in their chairs until they were grooved in the floor and were finally taken away to insane asylums.

The trouble with work around the house is that it gives a woman too much time to think about herself. Sewing, sweeping, making beds and dusting are monotonous tasks that occupy only the hands and leave the mind free to go round and round the same old treadmill, threatening over the same old straw and carrying the same old harvest.

Therein lies the danger of intensive domesticity. A woman's thoughts must be busy with something as she sews long seams and goes about her household tasks, and if she has nothing else.

to think about she begins to think about herself and her husband.

Now it is inevitable that no one can turn a searchlight upon their own lot in life without finding in it a million flaws, and that fate has not given them a fair deal. It is still more inevitable that any woman who puts her husband under the microscope will discover that he isn't the hero of her romantic dreams and that she is a poor, persecuted, unappreciated martyr and a domestic slave.

There are millions of disgruntled, disillusioned, fretful wives. There are also millions of husbands of such women, who wonder what all their wives that they are not satisfied with anything and neither one of them have sense enough to know that the trouble is too much home-staying on the woman's part and the remedy is for her to go out.

All she needs is a change. To get out of her own house and get something to think about besides herself. To get some fresh ideas. Have some new experiences, to see how other people live and find out that the troubles that she thinks are tragedies are pin pricks compared to the sorrows that others endure.

If men only realized this, and that a woman's place in the home should be intermittent and not continuous, it would do more to take the curse off of matrimony than anything else in the world. If husbands would spend more money on theater tickets for their wives they would have fewer doctor bills to pay. Many a divorce could be prevented by sending the wife off on a trip somewhere, for sheer boredom is at the bottom of half of the family quarrels. Husbands and wives fight in the desperation of weariness of each other in order to put some pep into domestic life.

Furthermore, women should bear this in mind: The best loved and most cherished wives are not those who are the most domestic, but those who are most interesting and most agreeable to live with. A man would rather have a wife who keeps up with the times than one that is cooked to perfection, but flavored with dull talk.

Men's ideas of women have changed, though they may not know it, and it is the woman who keeps up with the times who keeps up with her husband in these days. The small woman is left alone with her house.

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A LA FOOTBALL.

A certain famous American football player was all set for action. Just before the charge started he was sent back to overlook the erection of an ammunition dump, well to the rear.

"It was far worse," he said later, in a dejected way, "than being taken out of the lineup just before we tackled Yale."

On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

VALE, "INSPIRATION."

Will Shakespeare tipped the flowing bowl; He fell, like other sons of Adam, "Midsummer Night's Dream," from his soul, He wrote one evening when he "had 'em," And "Hamlet," "Lear" and "Julius Caesar," Down at the Mervall inn he found 'em. He quaffed the sack, did this old goosier, And then wrote mystic lines around 'em. But what would Bill Shake do today, With bone-dry headed right this way?

And Bobby Burns, he were a wild one; And Byron used to squeeze the bottle; E'en Goldsmith used to hoist a mild one, And Wordsworth slyly moist his throttle. And Edgar Allan Poe collected A trained menagerie of 'gators That were by amber brew reflected, Brought by a regiment of waiters— And still some people wonder why Poe's poetry is never dry.

Also for all the thorax wetters Of bygone days, of all condition Known in the world of art and letters, What would they say of prohibition? What matters it if we're drought-smitten? The good stuff—it has all been written.

"Brother Philander," said I to our head deacon the other evening, "I haven't very much use for Brother Sly's brand of religion. I would hate to take my chances on getting into heaven with it." "I know it," answered Philander, "but Sly always comes forward with a goodly contribution, even if his religion is a little off color. So between Sly's money and your prayers we manage to keep the church going." I don't like Philander's way of explaining things.—The Osborne Village Deacon.

Evidently Count Reventlow, war expert of the Tages Zeitung, is hard of hearing. He hasn't heard that war experts have gone out of style and that Christmas dinners in Paris are strictly passe.

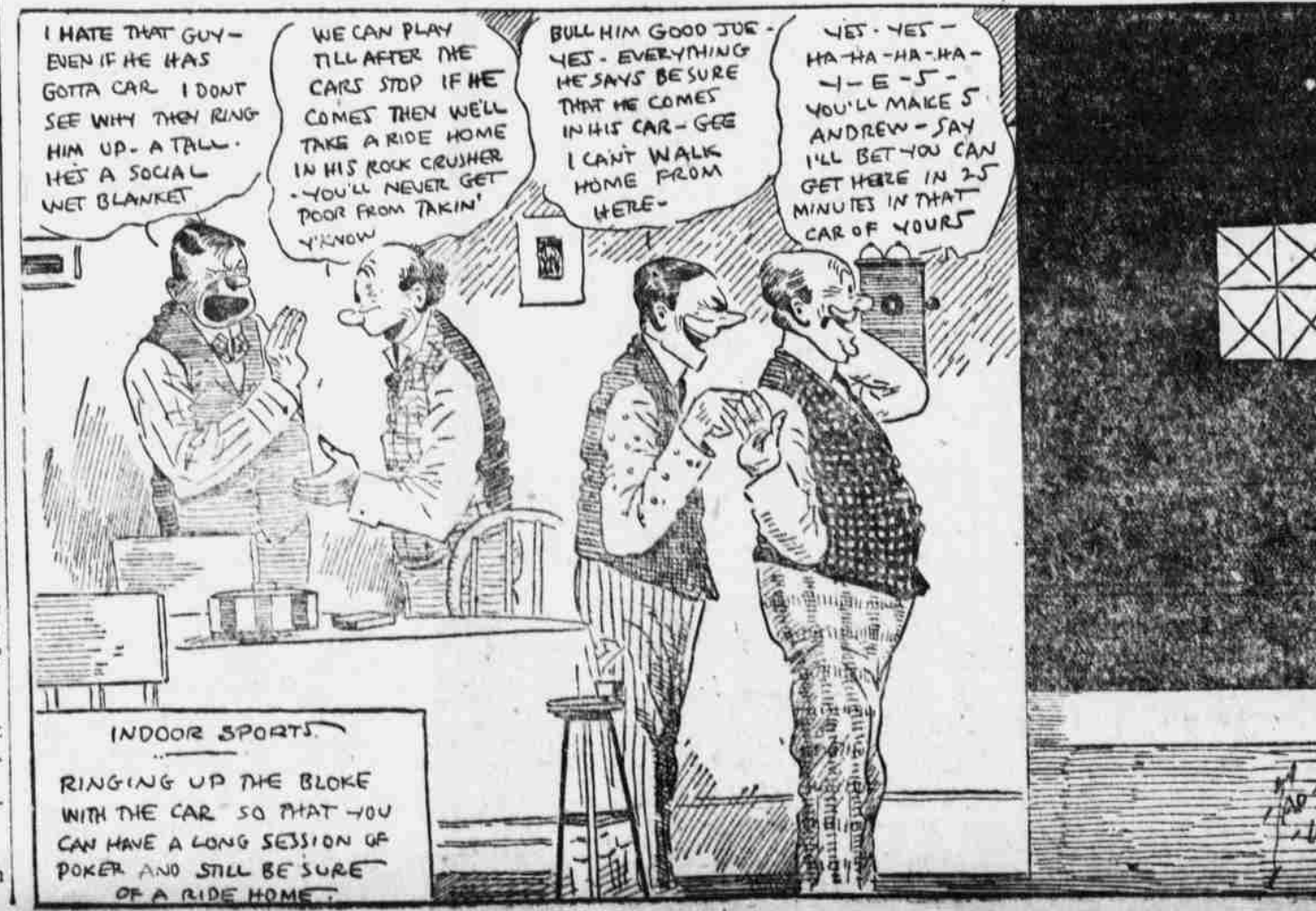
Reported that Ludendorff is to sail for the East Indies. Bum voyage!

SOCIETY NOTE IN 1925.

Mrs. Astorbilt wore, at the opera last evening, a diamond as large as an ordinary hen egg, but not, of course, so valuable.

Old Socks and Slippers knows exactly what he is going to get for Christmas, but what he is going to buy for the other half of his sketch bothers him some.

The Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs has condemned high heels, low-cut gowns and face preparations. Why not something about the three C's—cocktails, cigars and corsets?



Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)
BY K.C.B.

TWO OR three days.
BEFORE I left New York.
I STOOD on the roof.
OF THE Pennsylvania hotel.
AND A friend was with me.
NAMED ROY C. Carruthers.
AND THERE on the roof.
AND LOOKING down.
UPON THE top of the world.
WE SHOOK hands.
AND ONE of us said.
THAT AFTER all
THE LITTLE old world.
WASN'T REALLY.
SUCH A terrible place.
AND IF you treated it right.
IT WOULD treat you right.
AND SO you'll know.
WHY WE stood up there.
AND SEEMED to be foolish.
OR PICTURE acting.
I WANT to tell you.
THAT A few months less.
THAN FOUR years ago.
THIS VERY same man.
THIS ROY C. Carruthers.
AND FRIEND of mine.
HAD BEEN given a job.
IN A big hotel.
AND WAS worried about it.
BECAUSE UP to then.
HE'D JUST been a guest.
IN THE big hotels.
AND IT happened then.
THAT I was there.
WHEN HE went to work.
AND I'D shaken his hand.
AND WISHED him well.
AND WHERE that was.
WAS OUT in the West.
AND I came East.
AND LEFT ROY there.
AND HEARD about him.
ONCE IN A while.
TILL THE other day.
WHEN HE called me up.
AND HE'D come East.
AND I went uptown.
TO THE new hotel.
THAT THE builders say.
IS THE largest hotel.

IN ALL the world.
AND ROY was there.
WITH A "manager" sign.
ON HIS office door.
AND JUST the same hat.
AND JUST the same head.
AND WE went on a trip.
THROUGH THE big hotel.
AND THEN to the roof.
SO WE might look out.
ON THE world below.
AND SOLOLOQUIZE.
AND I'M writing this.
ON A westbound train.
THAT IS taking me out.
TO WHERE ROY came from.
AND WHEN I tell them.
OF ROY'S new job.
I'LL HEAR them say.
"CAN YOU beat that guy?"
AND SOME of the rest.
WILL RISE up and say.
"IT JUST don't seem true.
WHY I know that boy—"
I THANK you.

THEATERS.

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—and—
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At His Best in
"Branding Broadway"

PRESIDENT WILSON

And Other Dignitaries
At the Peace Conference

Matinees, 10-15c
Nights, 10-20-30c

Twice Told Tales

10 Years Ago Today in Memphis.

FEBRUARY 3, 1909.

Important amendments regarding the city court and building commissioner in the McKay-Kelly commission charter bill, passed the house yesterday by an overwhelming vote, were accepted by the senate today.

For the purpose of planning passenger traffic improvement when spring opens up, a conference of passenger officials of the Southern division of the Frisco system was held today in the office of J. N. Cornstear, assistant general agent of that line.

The water department of Memphis closed its fiscal year on Feb. 1 with a cash balance of \$27,576.91.

Either Fire and Police Commissioner F. H. Camp or Attorney Sidney M. Neely will be the candidate of the forces which were behind the people's Democratic ticket last fall, and which backed the McKay-Kelly commission charter bill, at the election for mayor to be held under the new charter next November.

W. L. Crenshaw, president of the Lumbermen's club, has appointed a committee to study the co-operation of business men to resist the passage by congress of a bill providing for the removal of a \$2 tariff on lumber.

MOVING PICTURES.

LOEW'S PRINCESS

Continuous 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

TODAY—LAST TIME

Shirley Mason & Ernest Truex in "Good-Bye Bill"

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Including War Tax
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Reserved Seat Sale Opens Today at O. K. Houck Piano Co.

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Edward Peppie.

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—and—
Impressions of A Vivid Glimpse

the Greatest Op. of "Over There"

eratic Artists. In Six Flash

MIKE BERNARD

PEER OF RAGTIME PIANISTS

HERBERT CLIFTON

Travesties of the Weaker Sex

OTHER FEATURE ACTS

Next Wk., Lucille Cavanagh

America's Most Versatile Dancer